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Daily Mirror

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See page 2.

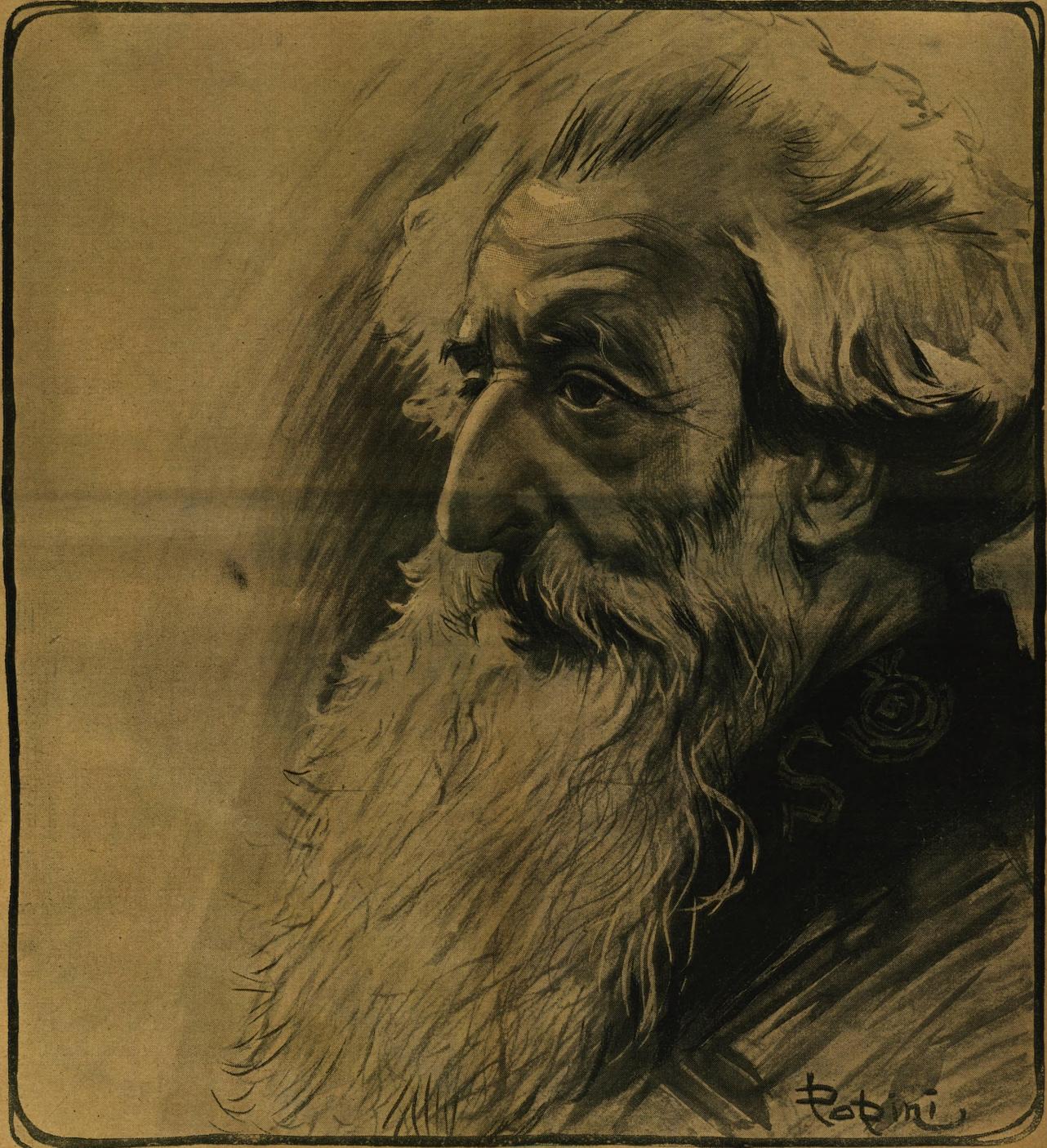
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SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

GENERAL BOOTH DELIVERS THE KING'S MESSAGE.



Last night General William Booth opened the Salvation Army World's Congress in an address at the Royal Albert Hall, and delivered the message to the "Army" which he had personally received from the King. He is one of the world's greatest religious leaders, and the good which he and the Salvation Army have done since he began his work, forty years ago on Mile End Waste, is beyond calculation.

FIVE DAYS' FIGHTING.

150,000 Men Engaged in Deadly Conflict.

ISSUE STILL IN DOUBT.

Japan's Lines Sweeping the Russians Back.

It is reported from several quarters that fighting is taking place, and has continued since Monday, near Kaichau, south of Newchwang, and that 150,000 men are engaged. One report says that the issue is still in doubt, while another asserts that the Russian troops are being gradually driven to the north. There is no doubt that the Japanese are executing an immense sweeping operation, with forces in crescent shape working from the south and east, extending over a distance of about 150 miles. In some quarters it is believed that General Stachenberg's column is hopelessly wedged in between General Oku's pursuing army from the south and General Kuroki's forces moving from the east. In any event the situation is one of surpassing interest, and news of great and grave events is anxiously expected.

Japanese shelling of Port Arthur by land and sea, and a defeat of 4,000 Russians in north-east Manchuria, indicate general activity on the part of the Japanese at the three centres of interest in the war zone.

FIGHTING SINCE MONDAY.

PARIS, Friday.

The "Petit Journal" contains the following in a message from St. Petersburg:—A great battle has been going on since Monday in the Kaichau region.

Success has favoured both Russians and Japanese alternately, and the issue of the battle is not yet decided.

The fighting has been sanguinary and desperate. About 150,000 men are engaged over a front forty kilometres long.—Reuter.

DRIVING THE RUSSIANS NORTH.

PARIS, Friday.

A St. Petersburg telegram to the "Echo de Paris" reports that a great battle is taking place to the south of Kaiping, the Japanese attacking on two sides and slowly driving the Russians under General Kuropatkin northwards. Exchange Telegraph Co.

It is added that the outposts of the two armies in the Kwang-tung Peninsula are now within 2,000 yards of each other.

OMINOUS REPORT.

Russians to Abandon the Liao-tung Peninsula.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.

To-day's news from the theatre of war indicates that General Kuropatkin will not give battle to the combined armies of Generals Oku and Kuroki near Kaiping.

There is no doubt that information received by the War Office shows that there is no intention of seriously contesting the Japanese advance on Kaiping. This plan seems to carry with it the decision practically to abandon the entire Liao-tung Peninsula to the enemy, and as a necessary consequence the withdrawal of the Russians from Yingkow and Newchwang.

Military critics here approve General Kuropatkin's decision not to fight at Kaiping, which they point out is a particularly unfavourable position, with one flank exposed to General Kuroki and the often threatened by a possible landing at Yingkow.

Apparently only two Japanese divisions have been left at Port Arthur, which would account for the practical suspension of the siege operations.—Reuter's Special Service.

4,000 RUSSIANS BEATEN OFF.

TOKIO, Friday.

Four thousand Russian infantry, cavalry, and artillery attacked Ai-yang-pien-men on Tuesday, but were beaten off, and retreated at sunset towards Skia-ping. The Russians lost five killed and twenty wounded. The Japanese losses are not stated.

Note.—Ai-yang-pien-men is about fifty miles north-east from Feng-huang-cheng.—Reuter's Special Service.

BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE MOVES.

Telegrams received from Belfast state that the officers and crew of the Allanton, which was seized by the Vladivostok squadron, are safe, and that the British Foreign Office have telegraphed

to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg to at once communicate the facts regarding the seizure of the vessel.

NO REST FOR PORT ARTHUR.

From Chifu it is reported that a Japanese reconnaissance in force took place on the 22nd inst. at the entrance to Port Arthur. The fleet was heavily engaged with the forts, but apparently was not damaged.

Another account says there has been a big battle at Tuchintz, fourteen miles from Port Arthur. [Tuchintz, or Tuchongtse, is eight miles from Port Arthur as the crow flies.]

CHIFU, Friday.

Heavy firing in the direction of Port Arthur was heard for several hours last night and this morning.—Reuter.

Admiral Skrydloff was one of the guests on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. He was in command of the Rossia at the great naval review of 1897.

LAMA YIELDING?

Ambassador Reported To Have Been Despatched to Make Terms.

This is the last day named in the ultimatum addressed to the Grand Lama of Tibet. He must send an envoy of recognised standing to treat with us, or the British mission starts forward for Lhasa.

According to a Reuter telegram received last night, he shows signs of yielding at the last moment. It is to be hoped that this assumption is correct, and that we may be spared the fierce fighting that would otherwise be necessary to penetrate to the mysterious capital.

Reuter's message is as follows:—

SIMLA, Friday.

"According to a telegram received here the second principal Lama is reported to have been instructed to leave Lhasa to meet Colonel Young-husband."

"Private advice states that the troops of the expedition at Gyantse are beginning to feel the effects of the severe strain, and that the arrival of new troops will be a great relief."

LONDON'S DUST PLAGUE.

Absence of Rain Makes the Streets Intolerable.

London is throwing dust in the eyes of her citizens with a vengeance.

No longer are delighted comments made upon the absence of rain. On the contrary, business men and Rotten Row exults alike bewail, with tears in their eyes, the cloudless skies. No drop of moisture, they protest indignantly, descends to lay the irritating dust which has now made out-door life almost intolerable.

London dust has peculiar qualities of its own. Its penetrating power is marvellous. It insinuates its way into eyes, nostrils, and mouth in defiance of all precautions on the part of its victims. The irritation which it sets up is unparallelled by a sandstorm on the Sahara Desert.

It is so susceptible to passing influences that the softest breeze, the most cautiously-driven motor-car, the largest growler stirs it from any temporary resting-place.

Letters are reaching the *Mirror* office from correspondents who bitterly complain of this new plague. Many have had to consult opicians, and the dust "throat" has become as common as hay-fever.

BIBLE ACCUSED BY VEGETARIANS.

At the annual meeting of the Vegetarian Federal Union yesterday, Mr. P. Short said the Bible was one of the greatest opponents of vegetarianism, and he (the speaker) would sooner be cast starving among Buddhists, who were vegetarians, than among any community of Christians.

LOST SCHOOLMASTER.

Another Londoner has disappeared under inexplicable circumstances. On Sunday morning last Mr. Armitage West, schoolmaster at the Higher Grade Schools, Wood Green, left his home, in Palmerston-road, and since that day nothing has been seen or heard of him. All efforts by his relatives to trace him have failed.

Mr. West was organist at the local Unitarian Church, and his marriage had been fixed to take place shortly. No explanation is forthcoming to account for his disappearance.

RAISUL'S CAPTIVES RELEASED.

A telegram from Washington says a dispatch has been received from Mr. Gummere, United States Consul at Tangier, stating that he expected that Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley would arrive at Tangier last night. He has received a message from the captives announcing that they are leaving for Lascala.

VANISHED DIPLOMAT.

Strange Mystery of an American Official.

LOST AT PLYMOUTH.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CHERBOURG, Friday.

The mysterious disappearance of Mr. Kent Loomis, brother of the Acting Secretary of State at Washington, has caused an immense sensation.

Mr. Loomis, who was accompanied by Mr. Ellis, a coloured gentleman, when he left New York, on the Kaiser Wilhelm II., on the 14th inst., en route for Paris, Marseilles, and Djibouti, was entrusted with a diplomatic mission to Abyssinia.

When the tug approached the Kaiser Wilhelm II. at Plymouth in the early hours of Monday morning, Mr. Loomis, to the astonishment of several passengers, was seen board the tug alone, that is, without Mr. Ellis, and from that time nothing has been seen or heard of him.

Mr. Loomis was easily recognisable, for he is a short man, and wore a steamer cap and light grey overcoat, somewhat long which made him a marked figure among the passengers on board.

INQUIRIES IN PARIS.

Our Paris correspondent telephoning last night says:—

No clue to the missing man has been obtained up to this evening, and I understand that a substantial reward is to be offered for information concerning him.

His baggage was addressed to Cherbourg, and arrived in Paris this evening, but whether his dispatch-box is contained in it is not yet known. It is believed that when he boarded the tug at Plymouth, he had nothing with him except the clothes he stood up in.

FOUL PLAY FEARED.

The passengers are at a loss to understand why Mr. Loomis boarded the tug. He seemed to do so on the spur of the moment, and it is feared that he may have fallen into the hands of a certain class of ruffians who, in all large seaport towns, await the landing of passengers. Being of a jovial temperament, Mr. Loomis may possibly have inadvertently shown his well-filled pocket-book and have fallen into evil hands.

At the American Embassy in London yesterday a *Mirror* representative was informed that there was no news of Mr. Loomis to hand.

"Probably," said Mr. Carter, "Mr. Loomis is a Plymouth friend on the boat, and has gone into the country with him."

EXPECTED IN LONDON.

An old schoolfellow and an intimate friend of the missing diplomat told a *Herald* representative yesterday that he had been expecting Mr. Loomis in London, and was making inquiries at various hotels when he heard that his friend was missing.

Mr. Loomis, he added, was the last man to make away with his life as he was happily married, and had only just left a three-week-old child behind. In fact, his trip to Europe had been delayed in awaiting its arrival.

Mr. Loomis, who is thirty-six years of age, is a native of Ohio. He is 5ft. 3in. in height, sturdy built, and clean shaven. He is prematurely bald, with dark hair, brown eyes, and a tawny skin.

It was his first diplomatic mission, and formerly he owned and edited a newspaper in West Virginia. He was regarded as a keen business man, full of energy and enterprise.

WELCOMING THE KING.

German Press Gracious Over the Royal Visit.

The German Press has been moved to extreme generosity by the prospect of King Edward's arrival at Kiel-to-day.

The semi-official "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" says:—"This visit affords the two Monarchs, bound by the ties of close relationship and warm friendship, an opportunity of spending in each other's company days of unrestrained personal intercourse."

"May the meeting of the two Monarchs for a friendly interchange of ideas serve to strengthen the generally peaceful tendency in the relations of the two nations." We respectfully bid King Edward welcome, and wish that he may receive the best impression of the days which he spends at Kiel."—Reuter.

Premier's "SHEFFIELD SHUFFLERS."

Mr. Winston Churchill has written a letter to Mr. Higham, the Liberal candidate for the Sowerby Division of Yorkshire, wishing him success.

He says of his Conservative opponent, Mr. Simpson Hincklefield, that as he is not a whole hogger, but approves Mr. Balfour's fiscal policy, he must be a Sheffield shuffer.

He continues that Mr. Balfour's policy simply serves its purpose as a party manœuvre.

Mr. Bryce has accepted the invitation to be the prospective Liberal candidate for Inverness Burghs in opposition to the Attorney-General at the next election.

KING'S BIRTHDAY.

General Rejoicings Throughout the Empire.

TROOPING OF THE COLOUR.

The birthday of King Edward VII. was officially recognised yesterday in all parts of the Empire.

Though His Majesty was absent from his capital, there were scenes of great rejoicing in London.

Flags were flown from all the Government offices, public buildings, and churches during the day, and when darkness fell thousands flocked to the West End to see the illuminated devices outside the clubs and big shops.

H.M.S. *Buzzard*, off the Temple, was decorated with flags in rainbow fashion, and she attracted a great deal of attention. The White Ensign was flown at her stern and the Union Jack at her peak.

ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

In the morning a large crowd assembled on the Horse Guards Parade to witness the trooping of the colour.

The sun shone fiercely, and from a spectator's point of view it was an ideal day for the stateliest and prettiest of all military ceremonies. The heat, however, proved very trying to the Guardsmen, many of whom were compelled to fall out.

In the afternoon (writes a *Mirror* representative) several elderly and even young gentlemen were seen to be walking along Piccadilly, Pall Mall, and Whitehall with a gait that is rarely observed among club-men and habitues of the West End.

As they put their first foot foremost there was a distinct, apparently indecisive, pointing of the toe at some unseen object about a yard in front of them on the pavement, and a marked hesitation in putting the foot down.

This state of affairs went on rhythmically, the toe always pointing and hesitating, yet coming down at regular intervals.

The explanation of this, at first sight, baffling phenomenon was quite simple when explained. The eccentric promenader had been to watch the "Trooping of the Colour" at the Horse Guards in the morning, and a sort of "sub-conscious" imitation of the "slow march" had resulted.

Besides teaching stout gentlemen how to get about in hot weather, yesterday's "trooping" served the useful purpose of giving an object-lesson in self-control to the public that thronged the St. James's Park side of the parade.

A BRILLIANT CAVALCADE.

The gorgeous train of marshals, South African veterans, and Eastern potentates, that accompanied the Prince of Wales into the arena were the foreign military attachés, and prominent among the foreign representatives were the Russian and Japanese attachés.

Yet although these two warriors rode for the space of one hour with the horse-head of one against the horse-tail of the other, not an unpleasant word, as far as can be ascertained, in Russian, Japanese, or, the language of diplomacy, French, was passed.

This was all the more creditable from the fact that certain humorists in the St. James's Park side crowd gave vent to such expressions as "Look out, Roosian, the little Jap is after you!"

The most charming corner of the brilliant cavalcade was that occupied by the royal ladies. The Queen and the Princess of Wales, both in sumptuous white costumes, sat at the window that looks down from the "Horse Guards" archway. With them were the little Princes, to whom the "trooping" is a long-looked-forward-to annual treat.

The Prince of Wales, in the absence of the King, took the salute.

WIRELESS NEWS OF BEREAVEMENT.

The Cunarder Campania, from New York, arrived at Queenstown yesterday. The "Cunard Daily Bulletin" was issued regularly during the trip. In the issue of yesterday morning the following paragraph appeared:—"The reported death of Colonel Emerson, the American war correspondent in Manchuria, was conveyed to his brother, who is a passenger on board this vessel, by the 'Daily Bulletin.'"

"BOBS" TO VISIT AMERICA.

Earl Roberts has definitely decided to visit the United States.

No date has, however, been fixed upon for the Field-Marshal's visit, which will not take place at present.

America will doubtless extend to the great soldier a welcome befitting his fame.

Excepting the Royal Family, no living Englishman's visit will be more popular.

At a sale of furniture belonging to Mr. Wilkes at Elmdon, Saffron-Walden, yesterday, a suite of Chippendale furniture fetched £3,000.

KING AND 'THE ARMY.'**Kindly Message to the Salvation Congress.****POLYGLOT ENTHUSIASM.**

I have permission to extend a hearty greeting to you in the name of King Edward VII., of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India.

In my interview on Wednesday last his Majesty gave me permission to say that he had with pleasure met your leader, and that he watched the movement with great interest, and regarded its success as of importance to his Empire.

In these dignified terms the patriarchal General of the Salvation Army addressed the vast international congress of his soldiers at the inaugural meeting in the Albert Hall last evening, speaking with reference to the audience graciously granted to him by the King at Windsor Castle.

A mighty congregation of exuberant men and women greeted his Majesty's message with the spontaneous shout of "God Save the King." Then, to the wonder of a Salvation lassie called out in a clear voice, "Best of all the birthday honours, Hallelujah!"

The General had another message to read. It came from the Mansion House, and bore the signature of the Lord Mayor:

On the part of the City of London I send cordial greetings to your congress and my earnest wishes for the spread of the good work.

Impassioned Veteran.

In his inaugural address to his troops the General had well-chosen epithets for them all, and the impassioned veteran campaigner swayed the multitude at will. Gladstone at the zenith of his oratorical power could not have worked greater wonders on the emotions of an audience.

"To-night there are with us," said the General, "comrades who hail from a country bearing a name that is on everybody's lips—the sunny land of Japan. They are, if I mistake not, the pioneers of the greatest missionary revolution the world has ever seen. God send peace to their country."

Turning to the South Africans he said "I am afraid I cannot indulge the hope of those having brought with them a substantial supply of the gold and diamonds for which their country is celebrated. I suppose," he added humorously, "they will tell us that they are the diamonds themselves."

Having an eye for the picturesque, he was sorry the Kentucky Mounted Brigade had not brought their horses with them. A "solitary Chinaman" suggested that the date of invading that great nation could not much longer be deferred.

The Scandinavians were "our dear old friends"; the Danes "our brave and lively comrades"; three hundred Germans from the Fatherland were bracketed with "our old neighbours the sons and daughters of beautiful France"; Italy was "sunny," Belgium "busy," Scotland "canny"; the General described himself as "belonging to everybody and everywhere," and he thought they had an interesting gathering.

The Army's Vitality.

Warming to his oration, the General's voice rang out with an exulty of the Army's growing vitality.

"It lives," he said, "in spite of every storm with which it has been called to battle. Around it winds have howled, lightnings played, and thunders roared."

The audience here took up the simile with thunders of applause, interspersed with the sharp lighting of "Hallelujah."

"Earth and hell," continued the General, "have combined to destroy the army. But it stands stronger to-day than ever."

The storm that hailed these words probably registered the highest water-mark of Salvation Army enthusiasm.

The congress lasts another eleven days.

SWIMMING IN CLOTHES.

This morning at seven o'clock members of the Serpentine Club will swim a novel race in the Hyde Park lake.

The competitors will enter the water fully dressed, from hats to boots, swim to boats about thirty yards distant, and, while in the water, take off all their clothes. They will then swim to the opposite bank, the most successful receiving prizes at the hands of Mr. Burdett Coutts, M.P.

AH SIN'S FIRST WORK DAY.

JOHANNESBURG, Friday.

Two additional cases of beri-beri have occurred among the Chinese labourers here.

One hundred men have started work in the New Comet mine, and five hundred more will begin tomorrow.

Several white miners have expressed satisfaction with the Chinese who are working underground.—Reuter.

HORROR ON HORROR.**Unlucky Passengers Meet Death in Many Forms.**

Horror was heaped upon horror in the railway disaster near Saragossa, in Spain, of which Reuter sent details yesterday.

There were from eighty to a hundred passengers, and only thirty-two escaped. The others were either roasted to death in an inferno of flame, drowned in a rapid river current, or dashed in pieces on precipitous rocks.

The train was passing through a mountainous district when one of the carriages suddenly ran off the line and caught fire. Fanned by a high wind the flames soon enveloped the whole train.

The flaming carriages were brought to a sudden stop on a high bridge over a swift river running many feet below.

The engine and several carriages fell into the torrent, while some of the carriages toppled over and remained suspended in mid-air, their unhappy passengers being quickly burned to death. The whole mountain-side was illuminated, and the police quickly came to the rescue.

They succeeded in saving thirty-two persons, and of the remainder only nine bodies were recovered. They include the guard and driver of the train, and three Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PIGEON DERBY.**Nearly 14,000 Birds Will Fly Across the Channel To-morrow.**

Twelve thousand pigeons will fly to-morrow from the Channel Islands to Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The distance to be flown is from 300 to 350 miles.

This cross-Channel flight is one of extreme difficulty, and severely tests the pigeons' homing instinct. Should the weather prove foggy in the Channel, or a strong north wind prevail, hundreds of the birds will fail to reach England, and in consequence meet death by drowning.

Before reaching England the birds will fly over 100 miles of water, and without landmarks of any kind as a guide thefeat is puzzling.

Several other big flights will also be attempted to-morrow. One thousand pigeons belonging to Stockport fanciers will be liberated at Rennes, France (400 miles); 900 Yorkshire birds at Rouen, France; 1,000 north-eastern birds at Oxford; and a large number of Durham birds from Rugby. Over 4,000 telegrams will be dispatched in connection with these flights.

The best of the birds will be selected to compete in the "Lancashire Pigeon Derby," to be flown from Nantes, 460 miles, and Marennes, 550 miles, on July 12. Another big event on the same day will be the Great Northern Pigeon Combine race from Marennes (France). The prizes in these events amount to over £500.

WHAT CHARITY FETES COST.**Lavish Expenditure to Obtain Trivial Results.**

Charity entertainments have this season been of almost daily occurrence. Each has vied with the other in the magnificence of its appointments and the splendour of its spectacle.

The question naturally arises, What do these charity fetes cost?

At one affair where the receipts reached £1,000 all that was handed over to the charity to be benefited was £1 1s. 6d. The rest had been swallowed up in expenses.

At the great bazaar in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children at the Albert Hall, however, expenses were kept within reasonable limits.

The total cost of this will not exceed £2,000.

The organisation of this bazaar shows a striking contrast to others that might be mentioned. Some merely provided an excuse for society women to amuse themselves at no cost to themselves.

"CLAPTON MESSIAH" RETURNS.

The "Clapton Messiah," as the "Rev." Smyth Pitt was called, has returned to the "abode of love" near Bridgewater. His extraordinary claim to divinity made it prudent for him to retire from the public ken.

He has been away for several months, and his arrival at Taunton Station was kept a close secret. He is accompanied by a number of friends, "disciples," and his wife, whom he calls "Ruth, the Lamb's Wife."

SHORT-SIGHTED PILOT.

MELBOURNE, Friday.

A medical examination of the pilot who had charge of the P. and O. liner Australia, which was recently wrecked off Point Nepean, outside Melbourne Heads, has revealed that his eyesight is defective and that he suffers from a heart affection.—Reuter.

CHIMNEY FORT FALLS.**Garrison's Gallant Resistance Ends by Mishap.**

The siege of the Newry chimney-stack has at length ended in a startling fashion.

Jimmy Gill, in trying to get up the chimney too quickly, fell down a distance of twenty feet and severely injured his leg.

He had to be taken home on a car and attended by a doctor.

The police visited the house, but, owing to Jimmy's condition, they did not arrest him.

The previous night Jimmy delighted his audience, altogether about a couple of thousand people, with a fireworks display. Rockets were arranged round the top of the chimney, and Jimmy, standing in the centre, fired them off simultaneously.

The comedy reached its highest point when a local hairdresser turned up to shave Jimmy. A scoult was first sent out, and on his report Jimmy descended and submitted to the barber with his breeches. While the hairdresser shaved, with a bucket of water, the scoult suddenly returned with the information that the police were coming, and with the lower part of his face white and only half-shaved and the upper portion black, Jimmy scuttled back to his perch, much to the disappointment of the barber.

EX-POTENTATE'S HAT BOX.**Curious Relic of an Eastern Sovereign To Be Sold.**

Like the summer palace at Pekin, the residence of King Theebaw, "on the road to Mandalay," has furnished an almost endless stream of relics for the London salerooms. Not so very long ago his magnificent state chariot was put up for auction, and now even the royal hat-box is not to escape the rostrum.

This interesting curio, which is made of Burmese lacquer-work, in the shape of a bird, is to be sold in London on Tuesday next. It was originally purchased at the palace when the ex-King's wardrobe and other belongings were sold some years ago.

The royal chariot has quite a history of its own.

It was only used once, and that was when the King and Queen attended a place of worship at Mandalay Hill, some two miles from the palace.

Its chief claim to notoriety, in this country at any rate, is that it has been sold 3s. and costs. Some years ago an advertising firm secured it for advertising purposes, and drawn by a couple of bullocks, and surmounted by a huge golden umbrella, it slowly wended its way down Leaden-hall-street.

The inevitable policeman—but not of the stop-watch variety—soon appeared on the scene, and as the crowd of City clerks prevented the chariot from moving on it was accordingly run in.

WHERE KING JOHN DRANK.**Sale of an Alehouse Connected with Magna Charta.**

At Windsor the historic hostelry called the Bells of Ouseley, well-known to lovers of the Thames, came under the auctioneer's hammer.

The property is situated on the banks of the river at Old Windsor, about two miles from Windsor Castle, and close to Magna Carta Island, Rummy, and the Windsor Great Park.

Mr. Buckland, who conducted the sale, drew attention to the importance of the licence, and said it was thought the house was visited by King John when at his hunting-box at Wraybury, or in the forest at Old Windsor. It was also believed that the King and the Barons may have obtained refreshment there at the time of the signing of Magna Charta.

The property, which has important fishing rights, was sold to a firm of Windsor brewers for £2,450.

RUSSIAN MILLIONAIRE MURDERED.

BAKU, Thursday.

M. Adamoff, a millionaire merchant of this town, was to-day killed by three unknown men, who attacked him with knives and revolvers.

A policeman and a gendarme, who hurried to his rescue, were wounded.—Reuter.

ALPINE DEATH TOLL.

MALOJA (Engadine), Friday.

A fatal accident has occurred on La Bondeesa, at a spot which is not regarded as dangerous. A young Italian doctor named Boni fell into a gorge and fractured his skull. He succumbed to his injuries shortly afterwards.—Reuter.

OFF AGAIN!**"Mirror" Motor-car Starts Its Second Trip North.****GREAT RECEPTION.**

"Here they come! Here they come!" was the cry as, at 5.45 yesterday afternoon, Mr. D. M. Weigel drove the *Mirror* motor-car up to the *Mirror* office.

"Hurrah! 936 miles without a stop! Hurrah!"

The cheering crowd rushed for the car; their friends surged up to Mr. Weigel and Mr. T. W. Williams, the *Mirror* representative, to shake them by the hand.

Never for one second had the engine of the car stopped. It throbbed with the energy of a living thing, entering into the spirit of sport that had prompted the great run.

A few hurried hand-shakes and bits of greeting, and followed by a ringing cheer the *Mirror* car sped down the Embankment on its way to the Talbot headquarters in Long Acre.

At the garage not a second was wasted. The car had hardly come to a standstill—the engine still panted, throbbed, and was alive—when, like some swarm of bees let loose, the hands were on the car to set her right.

Mr. Weigel had not yet been off the car. At first it seemed he could not alight, then strong hands helped him down. Eau-de-Cologne was sprayed upon his head and his face bathed with it.

Overhauling the Car.

Six men meanwhile stood to each wheel of the car. With bewildering rapidity the tyres were ripped off and new ones fitted on. Oil cans dipped in and out of the uncovered and ever-thudding engine, nuts were tightened, the looser parts looked to, and everything overhauled.

"She's going like a live thing," shouted Mr. Weigel through the noise of the engine. "Bar accidents that no man can foresee, we shall do it. The car's good enough, and so are the men in her."

"How's feeling fit?" Why, when I started I had a bad cold and now it's quite well. I've driven all the while and I'm going to see it through.

"We haven't exceeded the speed limit once. Good-bye!"

Up he jumped on the ready car. Up jumped Mr. Williams. Up jumped their two companions. The glass doors were flung open. "Stand back!" called the police.

The *Mirror* motor-car, with a swift swing and a sharp turn, was out and away north, to complete the record 2,000 miles non-stop run.

ON THE ROAD.**By Our Special Correspondent on "Mirror" Car.**

Before we started south from Perth we were cinematographed by the Charles Urban Company people again for the Alhambra.

We felt more like pioneers than ever now we knew that Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., had decided to present a silver cup for competition in a 2,000-mile non-stop run over the route we were traversing.

Past Edinburgh we left daylight behind us. The dusk had been tremendous. Night came slowly upon us, but we could not sleep.

The constant vigil became a growing greater strain. It was all so desperately lonely. Villages and towns at first were lighted, and it was cheering, but later the lights were put out, and then the loneliness was terrible.

At 8.40 we passed through Doncaster, 774 miles without a stop, beating Ducros' world's road record for a non-stop.

On the way to Retford the first tyre burst, on the rear outside wheel. All hands to it. In twenty minutes a new one was on.

Four hours later, at Biggleswade, the rear tyre punctured; it was not protected by non-puncturing bands. A heavy blow. Clydesdale jibbed hard, got away, and tried to jump on the car. It was a narrow escape.

Everywhere the people turn out to give us a cheer as we go through.

T. W. WILLIAMS.

GORDON-BENNETT WINNER INJURED.

M. Théry, the winner of the Gordon-Bennett race, has just met with a serious accident near Kirchberg. On his return journey to France, his motor-car was upset in a ditch, and he sustained a fracture of the foot. M. Théry continued the journey by rail.

WARSHIP TO AVENGE STONE-THROWING.

PARIS, Friday.

The French Government has decided to send a warship to Haiti to demand reparation for the insult offered to the French Minister who, when driving, was struck by a stone thrown by one of the Palace Guard.—Reuter.

CONVICT HANGS HIMSELF.

Suicide of the Cornish Poacher Who Shot Lord Falmouth's Gamekeeper.

Sentenced to ten years' penal servitude on Tuesday for the manslaughter of a gamekeeper, Robert Bullen, a poacher, contrived to commit suicide by hanging himself in his cell in Bodmin Prison yesterday.

Owing to the strict precautions taken by the authorities in the case of prisoners sentenced to penal servitude, instances of suicide are comparatively rare, recent exceptions being the deaths of Whitaker Wright and the forger, Solomon Barnash.

The crime for which Bullen was convicted possessed some peculiar features. The body of Osmond, a gamekeeper employed on Lord Falmouth's Cornish estate, was found dead in a coppice. Subsequently Bullen, who was well-known as a poacher, sent for a doctor to dress a gunshot wound in his leg, and volunteered the statement that some unknown man had fired at him, and he had fired back.

The stock of Osmond's gun had been struck, and at Bullen's trial the case for the prosecution was that he fired first, hitting the keeper's weapon. Osmond then returned the shot, and Bullen responded with a bullet which killed the keeper.

The main issue of the case depended on the question, "Who fired the first shot?" Mr. Justice Ridley decided that the shot which killed Osmond was provoked by that which the latter fired at Bullen, and reduced the charge from murder to manslaughter.

The jury found that Bullen had fired his first shot at the keeper before the latter fired, and he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

THIEF'S "BURGLARY" RUSE.

Ingenious Frauds on East End Jewellers.

As many as ten East End jewellers stated, in connection with an Old Bailey trial yesterday, that they had been victimised by Marks Levy, a fellow-jeweller, who had obtained articles from them on approval and afterwards informed them that his house had been broken into and the jewellery stolen.

Levy was found guilty of stealing a diamond ring valued at £40 and a pair of diamond earrings valued at £30, the property of Isaacs Bromberg, in business in the Commercial-road district.

The case was tried at the last session, and, after a hearing extending into three days, the jury failed to agree. The case had accordingly stood over to the present session.

According to the story for the prosecution, the prisoner called on Bromberg, and inquired if he had a diamond ring that he could let him have on approval, saying he thought that he could find a customer for one. Bromberg handed him a diamond ring, and also let him have a pair of diamond earrings on approval.

Two days later the prisoner called upon Bromberg again, and stated that a burglary had been committed at his house, and the ring and earrings had been stolen, together with other jewellery. This burglary story was alleged by the prosecution to be a myth.

Levy was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

MISS ASQUITH'S MOTOR DRIVE.

While the traffic had been stopped by a policeman at the corner of Brook-street, where it runs into Bond-street, Mr. Herbert Thomas Horwood, who was driving a motor-car, is alleged to have pulled out of the line of traffic and dashed past on the off side of a refuge, scattering foot passengers. He was summoned at Marlborough-street yesterday for dangerous driving.

In defence it was said that he was behind an omnibus which swerved, and, in order to avoid a collision, he had to go on the other side, not knowing that there was a refuge at the spot.

Miss Violet Smith of Cavendish-square, said that she was in the motor-car at the time in question. She bore out the defendant's statement.

Mr. Kennedy thought the defendant had driven to the public danger, and imposed a fine of 40s.

BIGAMIST'S "THREE STRETCH."

Two young "wives" sat in the South-Western Police Court yesterday while their husband, Charles Henry Leighton, of Battersea, stood in the dock charged with bigamy.

Leighton surrendered himself to the police, stating that he married his first wife at Crowland, Lincolnshire, and that they last went through a similar ceremony with Elizabeth Sayer at Lambeth. "I suppose I shall get three stretch for this," he said to the detective. This, the magistrate, who ordered a remand, was informed, referred to three months' hard labour.

His business affairs having been practically settled, it is likely that John Roberts, the billiard champion, will next season tour England, possibly with Weiss, the Australian champion.

ESCAPE FROM PAIN.

Coincidences of Two Pathetic Cases of Suicide.

LABOURER AND MUSICIAN.

Two cases of suicide were investigated by London coroners yesterday, in which physical suffering had deterred the victims from following their customary occupations, with the result that they were reduced to the depths of despair.

In the case of Frederick Ellan, a labourer, on whom an inquest was held at Westminster, the pathetic letter which he wrote to his wife before suffocating himself with gas revealed the fulness of his despondency.

"Dear Carrie," he wrote, "these last few lines to you to bid you farewell. I think it is far better that I should go, because I feel that I am done for. I should be only a burden if I stayed. Neither you nor anyone can have the least idea of the amount of pain I have suffered with my feet, and it is misery for me to get about."

"I have kissed all the children except Eric, as I could not reach him without disturbing you."

"I know, Carrie, you will do the best you can for the children, and I hope they will obey you and help you all they can. I conclude with love to you and my dear children."—Frederick Ellan.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

Musician's Injured Lip.

Owing to an injured lip Charles James Grey, a cornet player at Covent Garden Opera House, had to give up his professional engagements. He became so depressed at losing his occupation that he committed suicide.

He had collapsed at the inquest yesterday that she found her husband crying last Wednesday, and afterwards saw him with a bottle of laudanum. He said that he had taken a little to make him sleep, but refused to tell from whom he had obtained the poison. "I will not give the man away," he protested.

A doctor was called in, and Grey confessed that he had taken two "twopennyworths" of laudanum, although some time afterwards he said he had taken only twopennyworth.

The medical evidence showed that death resulted from laudanum poisoning, and the jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

ROMANCE OF A FIDDLE.

Strad Worth £1,500 Used as a Street Instrument.

A violin by Antonius Stradivarius is to come under the hammer on Tuesday next at Puttick and Simpson's Galleries.

It was offered for sale to a Marylebone music-seller, who refused to buy, and eventually bought by a street player.

After using it in the streets of Marylebone and Notting Hill for many years, he sold it to Mr. W. E. Hill, a virtuoso, for £25.

Mr. Hill sold it to Mr. David Laurie, the collector, for £80, and eventually it passed into the hands of Mr. James Watts, of Manchester.

A *Daily Mirror* representative was shown the famous instrument by Mr. W. Chapman yesterday afternoon.

"It has a very powerful tone and is not damaged," explained the expert. "There are between fifty and sixty Strads in the world, and only a few days ago £3,000 was paid by a dealer for a Strad to sell again."

"The highest price paid under the hammer for a Strad was £800, when the Woolhouse Strad changed hands. A fine Strad should bring £1,500. I cannot prophesy as to the price it will fetch at an auction. Much depends on the collectors."

CONFESSION OF FAILURE.

Overhearing a conversation in a Southwark public-house, in the course of which a man remarked, "We have not bludged any lately. We are going to make some to-morrow, and you can drop them," a detective commenced investigations.

As a result, John Reid, a costermonger, was brought up at Southwark Police Court yesterday on two charges in connection with counterfeit coin.

A detective stated that he found a complete counterfeiting outfit in Reid's room in Tracy-street, Borough. Reid said to him, "I did not make the coins, I had a try and couldn't do it, so I broke the mould and threw it under the hearth."

Reid was committed for trial.

UNDERGRADUATE'S HEAVY FINE.

In company with Mary Cornwall, a factory girl, a scholar of King's College, named Clifford Gully, who took a first-class in the recent Moral Science tripos, was charged at Cambridge Police Court yesterday with a serious offence against the public morals.

He was fined the maximum penalty of £5, with £3 6d. in costs, for inciting the girl to commit the offence. The Chairman of the Bench held that the girl had been entirely led away by the undergraduate, and in her case imposed a fine of 9s.

His business affairs having been practically settled, it is likely that John Roberts, the billiard champion, will next season tour England, possibly with Weiss, the Australian champion.

INITIALS IN DIAMONDS.

Extravagant Orders by a "Millionaire" with a Fabulous Fortune.

Wearing evening dress and holding an opera-hat in his hand, Henry Augustus Hesshoepf, a Russian merchant, leant over the rail of the dock at Bow-street yesterday, smilingly indifferent to the charge which had been brought against him.

He had obtained a 12s. 6d. bottle of champagne at the Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court-road, and it was stated that after ordering it he told the waiter he had no money with him. He was worth millions, however, he added.

Detective-Sergeant Schotes said he had been making inquiries about the prisoner, and found that a few days ago he went to a firm in the City and ordered four leather bags, giving directions for his initials to be put upon them all in diamonds.

On being told that the cost would be £4,000, he said that sum was nothing to him, as he had just inherited a fortune of fifteen millions sterling.

Hesshoepf had been in the German army, where he had served with distinction, and had borrowed money on his pension papers.

A banker from Frankfort said the prisoner had written some extraordinary letters to him, and had represented that he had just been left a fortune of £500,000,000.

The case was put back, and later in the day Dr. Wilfred Sing said he was of the opinion that Hesshoepf was suffering from general paralysis of the brain, and he was certainly not responsible for his actions.

The magistrate ordered him to be sent to the workhouse.

MR. JUSTICE WRIGHT RETIRES.

An Excellent Judge, with a Passion for Brevity.

Mr. Justice Wright, who is lying seriously ill at Headley Park, Hants, but was yesterday reported rather better, has placed his resignation in the hands of the Lord Chancellor. It will, however, probably not be accepted immediately.

Mr. Justice Wright's withdrawal will be a loss to the Bench. He was a most clear-headed and learned Judge, with an aptness especially displayed in commercial cases that savoured of the marvellous. One of his peculiarities was his passion for seizing the point of a case and excluding all needless.

No Judge got through a Cause List more quickly than Mr. Justice Wright. He tried several sensational murder cases in recent years, and passed sentence of death on Edwards, the monster who buried three people in a garden at Leyton, and Dougal, the murderer of Miss Holland, at the Moat Farm, Clavering. In both cases the Judge concluded the hearing in record time, and his summing-up occupied only about two minutes.

The Judge of the Bench was devoted to his pipe, and not very careful of his personal appearance. On one occasion he met the King (a Prince of Wales) at a shooting party, and had a long talk with him. Royalty, High and Low.

"Where did you pick up that exceedingly intelligent gamekeeper?" asked the Prince, who had been struck with the Judge's conversational powers. The Prince's surprise was great when he learned that the "gamekeeper" was one of the ornaments of the Bench.

FATE OF A GOLD MOHUR.

During the process of moving into a larger house at Streatham, in anticipation of his wedding, Mr. E. H. Dring lost an Indian gold coin—a square mohur—believed to be 300 years old, a Maltese cross presented to him by the Maharajah of Patiala, a gold watch, and other valuables. He reported his loss to the police.

On moving some time later a mysterious parcel reached Mr. Dring by post. Inside, wrapped in a leaflet entitled "The Biblical Society's Gleanings," were three of the missing articles.

At the South-Western Police Court yesterday a carman named Frank Bradbury was remanded on a charge of being concerned in stealing the articles. It was stated that he sold the gold mohur to a coffee-shop keeper, stating that the coin had been given him by a friend.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A working man applied to Mr. Denman at West London Police Court for advice respecting his daughter. She would do no work, and, though she had been sent to a home, she came out as troublesome as ever.

Mr. Denman: What do you expect me to do? step down from the Bench, walk up to her, take her by the neck, and make her work? It is extraordinary how people come to a magistrate about their private affairs. You had better see the missionary.

We regret that in our report of the case of Kieg N. to buy Ontario at 25s and Brighton A at 10s. Write or wire to our agents, Messrs. C. & J. Smith, 10, Grosvenor Gardens, London, E.C. Telephone 9,915 London Wall; Telegrams, "Uttermost," London.

£5 TO £1,000 Advanced to Householders and Others on Application of £250 or more, no surcharge required; time bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere write or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 19, Islington-green, Islington, Central.

53 Years Old

and

Then New Hair

56, Craven Street, Grange Street, Liverpool.

John Craven-Burleigh, Esq.—For many years the hair on my head had been falling out, and I had used all sorts of remedies, including a number of different dozen bottles of one widely advertised liquid remedy. These had no effect. Having heard of the great cure described in your paper, I made up my mind to have preparation, I gave yours a trial. The results made me very happy. The growth was steady and rapid, and I have now a full head of hair, which is plainer than ever. I have just been taken at the age of 53 years, and which you may see in the photograph. I am now 58 years old, and need a true hair-grower to use yours. It will surely prove successful.

JOHN V. COYORDEN.

The above letter speaks for itself. It will give you some idea of what my True Hair Grower will do, but I do not want you to take even such proofs as this as final—I want you to practically test my preparation and see for yourself just what it will do.

The John Craven-Burleigh Compound is a True Hair Grower in every sense of the words. It does actually grow hair. I have thousands of letters endorsing its great powers, and some of these letters give instances which are truly remarkable. They cite cases of cure of baldness which in my advertising I would not think of saying my preparation would effect. Will you do so? If you have bald, or you have hair which is thinning, or falling out, write to me and I will send you a sample of my True Hair Grower absolutely free of charge. You can then test its merits practically and positively. Could anything be fairer than this offer?

Write to me and I will send you a free sample (in a plain wrapper) by return mail.

The John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower is not a liquid, it is in pomade form and is easy and pleasant to use, and starts growing the hair after the first few applications. You do not have to use it for months, perhaps years, before any results are arrived at. The John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower acts at once. It is equally effective for both sexes of any age. Write to me to-day—a post-card will do.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh

134 D, Craven House (Opposite British Museum)

LONDON, W.C.



PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A.—How Money Makes Money.—Post free to all mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody with £1 capital upwards how large profits may be made. Post Office Box No. 100, 11, Finsbury Square, E.C. Capital required £100. Capital returnable at any moment.—Ridley and Skinner, 11, Finsbury, London, E.C.

FIVE POUNDS TO £500 ADVANCED, on shortest notice, on approval of proposal on your own security; repayments monthly; £500 to £5,000; £500 to £50,000; £500 to £500,000; £500 to £5,000,000. Apply to Mr. Charles Stevens and Co., 23, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

IMPORTANT to Capitalists both large and small. Pamphlet (post free) explaining Baxter, Son and May, 17, Finsbury-street, London, E.C.

INDUSTRIAL General Agency, Ltd., Room 344, 11, Queen Victoria-street, buys and sells shares, finances business, promotes companies, undertakes insurance, signs contracts, leases office space, etc. Agents throughout the United Kingdom. Apply to General Agency, Ltd., 11, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.

MONEY advanced to Householders and others; £5 to £1,000; without fees or surcharges; repayments to suit householders' convenience.—Call or write Charles Stevens and Co., 23, Gresham-street, London, E.C.

MONEY.—I require an advance promptly completed Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-street, Ipswich.

STOCK EXCHANGE.—We guarantee that we wired clients to buy Ontario at 25s and Brighton A at 10s.

Write or wire to our agents, Messrs. C. & J. Smith, 10, Grosvenor Gardens, London, E.C. Telephone 9,915 London Wall; Telegrams, Bullsgate, London, Telephone 1,755, Central.

We do not say from day onwards there is going to be a large rise in Americans, but we do say unhesitatingly that between now and the end of June American Shares should be selling many points higher.

This will enable us to obtain a good profit on purchases made in July with confidence.

For latest wirelesses—Bullsgate and Co., 23, Royal-lane, London, E.C. Telegrams, Bullsgate, London, Telephone 1,755, Central.

£5 TO £1,000 Advanced to Householders and Others on Application of £250 or more, no surcharges required; time bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere write or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 19, Islington-green, Islington, Central.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 2 and 10.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

"I will treat with the plaintiff," said a defendant at Shoreditch County Court, "but I'll have no truck with any solicitors—they all study the grabing of costs."

A royal sturgeon, about 4cwt. in weight and 9ft. long, was caught off the Mumbles, near Swansea, and, according to custom, it will be sent to the King's table.

Manchester's Zoological Gardens has just secured a giraffe which was captured in Abyssinia. There are only two other gardens possessing giraffes in the kingdom, those of London and Dublin.

IMPRISONED FOR EXTINGUISHING GAS.

For breaking off a gas bracket, which was hanging on the stairs at the Royal Albert Music Hall, Canning Town, Albert Tindling was sentenced to two months' hard labour yesterday.

People were leaving the hall at the time, and the small hall officials said that there was grave danger of a panic following Tindling's senseless act.

PETITION AGAINST PIRATES.

A public meeting of composers, authors, singers, publishers, and all interested directly or indirectly in musical copyright is called for the evening of July 4, at eight o'clock, at the Queen's Hall, to appeal to the Government to afford facilities this session for the passing of the Musical Copyright Bill, which has been prevented so far from becoming an Act of Parliament owing to the opposition of Mr. Caldwell.

GULPABLE ECONOMY.

"There was a warrant against me, so I went away. My trade has been spoilt by foreign competition, and I can't earn enough to keep a wife and family."

Henry Hayes, a lathrender, who was charged at Stratford Police Court with having failed to maintain his wife and family, made this excuse yesterday. But he was sent to gaol for a month's hard labour.

BEREAVEMENT TURNED HIS BRAIN.

His child having died ten days ago, and his wife a few days later, James Corrin of Douglas, I.O.M., appealed to take these losses much to heart, and drank heavily. He bought eight ounces of carbolic acid, drank half the quantity, and was found dead in the room where the dead body of his wife was lying.

A verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane was returned.

PIETY HE THREW STRAIGHT.

Patrick Muchan quarrelled with his wife over his step-daughter, and Mrs. Muchan threw a stone at him.

Muchan threw the missile back, and, his aim being better than the lady's, he hit her and loosened two of her teeth.

For this, although his wife said she did not wish to press the charge, he was at Swansea sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

CHECKING SCORCHING AMBITIONS.

Cyclists are not allowed to travel at the same rate as motor-cars.

For trying to do so, two youths were summoned at Kingston. A constable told the magistrates that they kept up with a motor-car that was going twenty-two miles an hour.

When he stopped the car they could not pull up, but ran into it and were thrown into the road.

With the considerate remark, "Serve them right," the Bench imposed fines of 10s.

POLICEMAN FOUND TWO WINNERS.

Thomas Brown, a police officer, of Barnsley, seems to be a very lucky man. The Chief Constable gave him odds to bet with, as evidence was wanted against Herbert Ellison, who was suspected of betting at the Tun Tavern.

The officer who said he did not know much about horse-racing, betted twice, and backed a winner each time, duly receiving his winnings.

Ellison was fined £50 and costs, and his father, who kept the public-house, was fined £5 and costs. Notice of appeal was given in each case, Mr. Ellison, senior, denying all knowledge of the betting.

WORKED TO THE LAST.

Francis Horwood, an architectural draughtsman, who was living in Great Ormonde-street, was found by his landlady, who went up with his tea, sitting in his chair with his head on the table, dead. A painting brush and other materials were on the table, and he was evidently employed on his work at the time of his death.

At the inquest yesterday medical evidence showed that death was due to failure of a weak heart, accelerated by want of nourishment.

The landlady thought that deceased was evidently a gentleman who had come down in the world, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

Lord Roberts distributed prizes to successful students at Cheltenham College yesterday and inspected the cadet corps.

Dr. Biggs, headmaster of Portora Royal College, Enniskillen, was accidentally drowned in Lough Erne while boating. The body was recovered yesterday.

Edwin Crawford, sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour at Worcester Assizes for forging bills of exchange, had for thirteen years been steward and leader of a Wesleyan chapel.

At the Thames Police Court yesterday Morris Goldberg, a Russian, was remanded again on a charge of defrauding aliens whom he persuaded that he could send to America in spite of their being medically unfit.

IN THE DUCHESS'S COAL-BIN.

Reginald William Richings, a homeless boy, was found in a coal-bin at the house of the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe in Grosvenor-street.

At Marlborough-street yesterday he was charged with loitering with intent to commit a felony, and also with burglary at a house in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square. He was remanded.

CAT SWIMS THE THAMES.

From Kingston-on-Thames a correspondent writes: "An interesting incident was witnessed here this morning. A large tabby cat was taken across the river to an island in mid-stream, a distance of about fifteen yards. Evidently not liking its solitude it plunged into the river, and, swimming gamely, reached the shore, seemingly none the worse for the immersion."

WHY THE JURYMAN FAINTED.

It is stated that a jurymen fainted one day when the Judge was giving his charge to the jury at Paisley this morning. A large tabby cat was taken across the river to an island in mid-stream, a distance of about fifteen yards. Evidently not liking its solitude it plunged into the river, and, swimming gamely, reached the shore, seemingly none the worse for the immersion."

It was at the words "and give them full weight" that the jurymen swooned away.

He was a coal dealer!

DIED RATHER THAN GO MAD.

A young Oswaldtwistle weaver, William Grimshaw, who was recently married, drowned himself after telling his wife he was becoming like his two sisters, who are in the asylum. He left the following letter:

"Dear Polly—Forgive me for doing this. I have lost control of myself, and I cannot help it. I think I am going like my sisters, and I would rather die than give you life-long misery. Forgive and forget, and remember my sisters."

He was a coal dealer!

SLEEPING SICKNESS BAFFLES DOCTORS.

Another West African patient has died in Liverpool Royal Southern Hospital from sleeping sickness.

He was a lad of fifteen, who was far advanced in the disease when he arrived at Liverpool two months ago, and makes the third African patient who has died at Liverpool from the same disease, in spite of the utmost efforts of the School of Tropical Medicine.

FINCHLEY "AFFAIR OF HONOUR."

When William Trantam was walking at Finchley with a young lady, Charles Bartlett and other lads threatened them with belts and sticks. The lady nearly fainted, and Trantam arranged to fight Bartlett for scaring her.

They fought on the same spot, at Church End, but dozens of other lads joined in and belts, sticks, stones and iron bars were freely used.

A lad named Mulley fired a stone at Bartlett from a catapult, and struck him between the eyes, and for this at Highgate yesterday he was fined £2 and 18s. costs.

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"It is better begging than working," said Edward Hiskey, who was charged before the Manchester Justices with begging. He was sent to prison for a month.

A Suffolk club which exists for the purpose of exterminating sparrows, was stated, at the members' annual dinner, to have destroyed 35,559 sparrows during the past two years.

Probate has been granted of the will of the late Mr. John Coleman, the well-known actor and author. The gross amount of the estate is sworn at £3,041, including net personality £341.

CHILD'S PLAY GOOD FOR MEN.

It is often said that the hygienic value of an exercise depends chiefly on the number of muscles which it brings into action.

If this be true, and there is at least some truth in it, says the "Lancet," skipping should be especially useful, for there are few muscles which are not caused to contract by this mode of exercise.

TUMBLER IN A POLICEMAN'S HEAD.

A constable was speaking to a man in Cable-street, Whitechapel, when James Hickey, a porter, rushed at him, and struck him on the head with a broken tumbler.

It was a terrible blow, and the officer dropped to the ground with the half-tumbler sticking in his head.

At the Central Criminal Court yesterday Hickey was sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour.

FIRE ON A TRAMCAR.

An electrical tramcar near the Elephant and Castle was travelling in the direction of Blackfriars yesterday, when suddenly some wires in connection with the mechanical apparatus fused, causing an outburst of flame.

All passengers were hastily got out, and the officials were instantly at work on the flames, which were quickly extinguished. The damage done was very slight.

ANTICIPATED HIS TITLE.

A story told against Dr. Elgar, whose knighthood was announced yesterday, may be appropriately recalled to-day, says the "Westminster Gazette." This relates to his schooldays, and must be best conveyed in dialogue form.

Master: What is your name? Boy: Edward Elgar. Master: Add the Sir. Boy: Sir Edward Elgar.

The prophetic character of that utterance is revealed at last.

BIGGEST DIVIDEND EVER KNOWN.

"This is the biggest dividend I have ever known," remarked Judge Brown during the hearing of the application for the discharge of a bankrupt named Joseph Hall, veterinary surgeon, of Ashton.

A dividend of 19s. 6d. in the £ was declared, and Mr. Dibb (Manchester) said the debtor need not have been bankrupt except for his carelessness. Instead of his assets being £314 7s., they were actually £854 18s. 7d. The balance available for costs and distribution was thus £795 9s., and not £217 11s. 7d., as estimated by the bankrupt.

ECHO OF THE "GORDON-BENNETT."

It is gratifying for Englishmen to be told, on the best authority, that the reports of English types having failed in the Gordon-Bennett race were unfounded.

The Dunlop Tyre Co. write to say that the only tyre trouble Mr. Edge had was through a nail on the course, which caused him one delay. The other English competitors had no delays through their tyres.

In proof of their statement they send us for publication congratulatory wires from Messrs. Jarrott and Girling, the two other English competitors, and say that the tyres are now on exhibition in Regent-street.

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NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1311 Holborn.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1296 General.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Refined," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 23, Rue Taitbout.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1904.

MORE THAN USUAL CALM.

It is nowadays much more difficult than it used to be to tell what decides the friendships and enmities of nations. When kings, princes, and governors were all-important, and their subjects counted for nothing, the causes of wars and alliances were pretty clear. A wouldn't marry B's daughter, therefore A sent his army to invade B's kingdom. C and D thought E was growing too powerful, so they fell upon his fleet, and sent it to the bottom unawares. F feared that G had got hold of the wrong religion, and sent an Armada to teach him the right one.

All this was clear enough. But in these days nations decide for themselves whether they will be friends or enemies, and it is often far from easy to see what influences them. Why, for instance, were the Germans so virulent against us during the war in South Africa? Their distant relationship to the Boers was not enough explanation. Nor were their ambitions in South Africa really solid enough to make them jealous, as a nation, of our annihilation of Boer rule.

We cannot say for certain why they were so libellous then, any more than we can explain why they are set on being friends with us now. "No cause of antipathy exists," says one paper. "It is to Germany's interests to be friends with Britain," writes another. Yet both these organs were filling their columns with abuse of us only two years ago.

Whatever the change is due to, it is welcome, though, at the same time, we are not going into raptures over Germany's friendly attitude, any more than we went into mourning when she was calling us all the names she could lay her tongue to. Our wish is to live at peace with all men, and we are glad to find that the Germans reciprocate this desire. That is all.

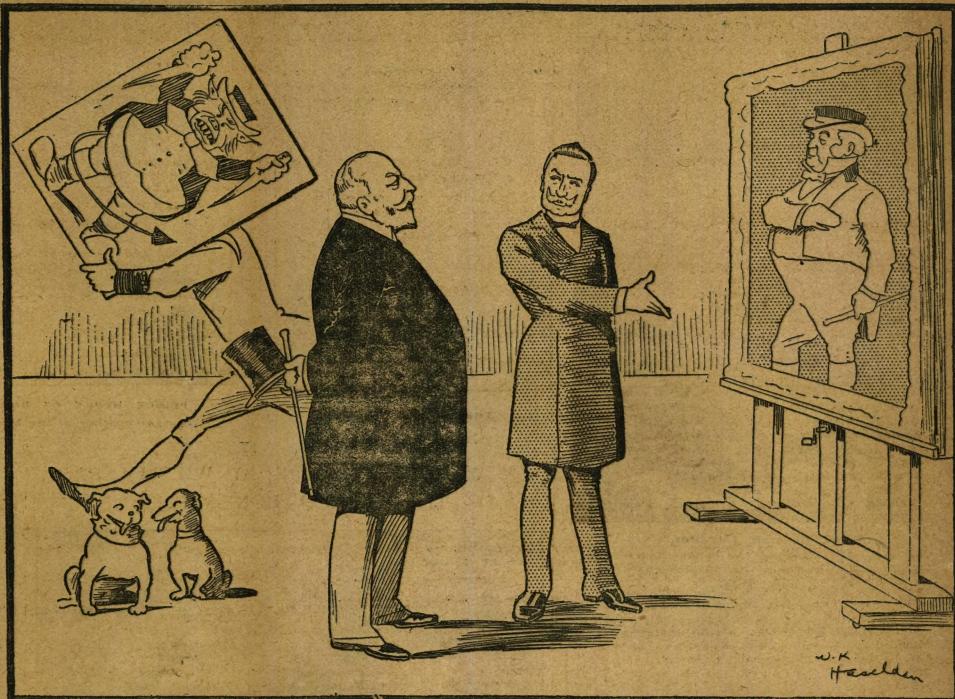
We believe this is how most Britons feel about the Kiel visit. It will have a good effect, no doubt, but there is no need to suppose that the visible result will be any greater than it is when Smith, who has not behaved very well to Robinson, invites the latter to spend a few days with him in the country. Robinson goes and buries the hatchet readily enough, but he doesn't necessarily fall upon Smith's neck and claim him as his long-lost brother.

Mr. Bromley-Davenport, Financial Secretary to the War Office, is not a brilliant person, but he might at least take the trouble to earn his £1,500 a year by ordinary care and intelligence. The other day Sir Charles Dilke introduced a deputation which complained to the War Office of the health of the Army Clothing Department girls being injured by insufficient ventilation. Yet, when he asked a question on the subject some time later, Mr. Bromley-Davenport assured him that no deputation had been received at all! Sir Charles naturally complained of this yesterday, and will presently move a reduction of the offender's salary. Questions are answered by permanent officials, we all know, but temporary officials ought to see that the answers are not grotesquely inaccurate.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I find the owners of footmen mostly less propitious in appearance than their servants, while the possessor of a butler and footmen go look quite poor. But I do wonder where footmen go when they are old. I never saw an old footman but once, and that was in a registry office.—*Mrs. John Lane*, in the "Fortnightly Review" for July.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.



KING EDWARD: That's better, William; much more like the real thing than—

EMPEROR WILLIAM: Ah, yes; that other portrait was quite a mistake. I've had it taken away.

[The tone of the German Press is very different now from what it was during the Boer War. Then John Bull was represented as a bloodthirsty and brutal ruffian. Now the Germans are most anxious to be friends.]

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

The Unionist Whigs have never had a worse time than this session. They simply cannot get Ministerial M.P.'s to attend regularly at the House of Commons. Time and again they experience paralysing moments, when the Government is in imminent danger of defeat. All they can do is to put up long-winded candidates for office to make interminable speeches, and hunt for the titans. The real reason why Mr. Balfour's programme gets on so slowly is that his followers take absolutely no interest in it.

* * *

In a little book of nearly-topical topical verses just published ("Back Numbers") Drane, 1s., I find one that is quite appropriate to this present session:—

A little null;
A little mess;
A little "gull";
And then—Recess.

A little talk;
A little bell;
A little walk;
And then—farewell.

A little "Why?"
A little "When?"
A vague reply;
And so—Amen.

At present, however, "Amen" seems still a good long way off.

* * *

Landsdowne House, the scene of last night's great political reception, is one of those appalling "hereditary mansions" in which London abounds. It is full of marble statues, which have a most depressing effect upon me; and the rooms are so large that there is scarcely one in which you can sit with any comfort. Yet Lady Lansdowne's kind smile and manner make one feel at one's ease very quickly. She was, as usual, on such occasions, magnificently adorned with diamonds last night, but they were worn with such grace and taste that their blare was not obtrusive in the least.

* * *

There was a time, by the way, when Lady Lansdowne was as much bored by statuary in private houses as I was by Bowood, Lord Lansdowne's country house in Wiltshire, also filled with these terrible objects, bought by some previous peer, and it is said that the first thing she did when she arrived there as a bride was to put hats or caps upon the heads of all these marble monstrosities. "To make them look more friendly and homelike." It is difficult to recollect that the dignified Lady Lansdowne was once the high-spirited Lady Maud Hamilton.

* * *

Father Bernard Vaughan, who induced Miss Mary Anderson to go down to the East End again on Thursday, is one of the most striking preachers of our time. Once in a sermon he compared life to a game of whist. "Some make diamonds trumps," he said, "and play for riches. Some make hearts trumps, and play for love. For those

who seek power and dominion the trumps are clubs. Who, then makes spades trumps? The Angel of Death, my dear people; and when spades are turned up on the table may you all be able to say, 'O! Death, where is thy sting?'"

* * *

Lord Durham, at whose place in the north Lord Rosebery is to speak to-day, is far above most peers in independence of character and mind. He has shown this by changing his politics twice, as well as by speaking out his mind frequently on the subject of Turf abuses. Whether he is denouncing the Tories for "having accomplished a minimum of social and domestic reforms, while imposing a maximum of future expenditure," or "dismisssing in a sentence those persons who consider horse-racing as merely a means of gambling," he is always outspoken and invigorating.

* * *

He is not much seen in society, for one reason, because he doesn't like it, and for another because his domestic history has been a particularly sad one. Many years ago he married a beautiful girl, whose shyness and occasional eccentricity were said by her relatives to be caused mainly by her attachment to him. But unfortunately they were never married, for the real cause showed itself to be mental derangement, and she has been insane ever since. Lord Durham made one attempt to get the marriage annulled, but under our present unreasonable marriage laws the attempt failed.

* * *

It was Mrs. Walter Palmer who sent out invitations for a musical party last night at 50, Grosvenor-square. It was by Lady Palmer that the guests were received. Both the new baronet and his wife were naturally occupied the whole evening in thanking people for their congratulations. They must have got a little tired of being asked, "How does it feel?"

* * *

Lady Palmer is a very nice-looking woman, and was a beautiful girl if the portrait of her by Mr. Sant, R.A., may be trusted. She is one of the few really musical hostesses in London. She knows what good music is, and likes nothing better than to listen to it. It was by her that Kebbell was brought to me. She heard of him, and had him come to London, and did everything she could to help him to win success. Sir Walter Palmer has an elder brother, who is also in Parliament, but he sits on the Liberal side, so his turn for a title has not yet come.

* * *

I have heard all sorts of descriptions of Miss Marie Corelli, but never one which amused me more than that of a writer who recently described her as "a handsome, sturdy gentlewoman." She might be called pretty in a fragile way by some people; but sturdy! and handsome!! "Fluffy" is the adjective that seems to me to sum her appearance up best.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

GENERAL BOOTH.

Described by T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

It is impossible to see General Booth for a moment and ever forget him, for he has one of the most striking faces I have ever seen. It is, as 'twere, drawn on granite with a pencil of steel. The rigidity, the cleanliness, the firmness of the lines, make it difficult to believe that it is living flesh and blood, and not the hardness, the coldness, the impenetrability of stone.

The face is thin, long, hatchet-shaped, and yet more like the beak of an eagle than the nose of the ordinary man—juts out in a promontory. It is as large and commanding a nose as that of Wellington, but it is finer in cut and in shape.

Then there is the long, slightly shaggy beard, the fine, full head of hair—at least, General Booth had a fine head of hair in those long past years when I saw him; the high and prominent cheekbones; the mouth finely curved, regular, firm-set, all produce the impression of a man with tremendous power of will, of command, and of infectious enthusiasm.

And the body, long, thin, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, almost gaunt, increases the impression of one of those beings whose energies are exhaustless, because the splendid endurance of nature has never been dulled by the self-indulgencies of the ordinary man.

I am told that General Booth has but one weakness left—the love of tea, which means that throughout his life, and in a land and age of self-indulgence, of almost British over-eating and over-drinking, this man has kept white and pure and undefiled the fine temple of his body, and is thus, in old age, the same little, fiery, untrammeled, and restless spirit of his youth.

With the spiritual gospel which General Booth preaches I have nought here to do, but, as a living embodiment of the gospel of simplicity, purity, sanity, sobriety, I regard him as one of the most inspiring teachers of our youth.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Why Is the King's Birthday Celebrated in June Instead of November?

Several correspondents have put this question to us. The reason is that June was thought a more suitable month for the official celebrations—parades, dinners, Government office holidays, and so on—than the late autumn, when Parliament is not usually in Session and the fashionable world was found to be preferable.

The date originally fixed for the Coronation was, therefore, selected. There was some idea at first of keeping up the observance on May 24, Queen Victoria's birthday, but for many reasons June 23 was found to be preferable.

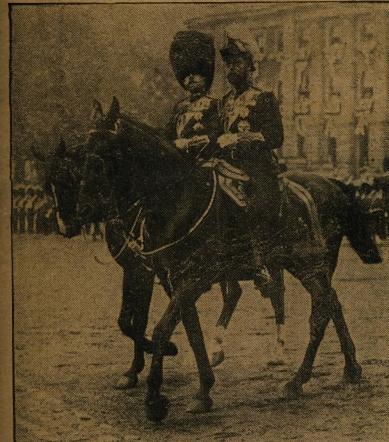
THE HOSTS OF KING EDWARD DURING HIS MISSION OF PEACE AT KIEL.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The King is returning the visit which the Kaiser paid upon him at Sandringham two years ago.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.



The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, represented the King at the trooping of the colour in honour of the King's Birthday.

WOUNDED RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN THE HANDS OF THE JAPANESE.



A group of wounded Russian soldiers photographed after the fighting on the Yalu. Falling into the hands of the Japanese, they have been well treated.



THE GERMAN EMPRESS.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA,

Younger brother of the Emperor, and a Vice-Admiral in the British Fleet.

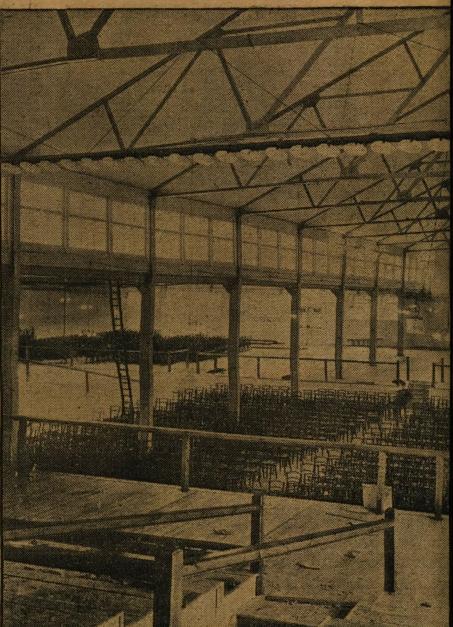


PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

A WONDERFUL CURE BY WILLIAM RAE
THE SCOTCH BONE-SETTER.

A photograph of one of William Rae's patients on her departure from a visit to this extraordinary man. For years she has moved on crutches. She is here walking, carrying one crutch, while her mother carries the other. No wonder Rae's cures are called miraculous.

SALVATION ARMY CONGRESS OPENED



The interior of the great Congress Hall for the Salvation Army Congress opened last night "General" Booth opened the Congress at the Royal Albert Hall. Eighty addresses to the audience.

JAP. ARMY APPOINTMENT.



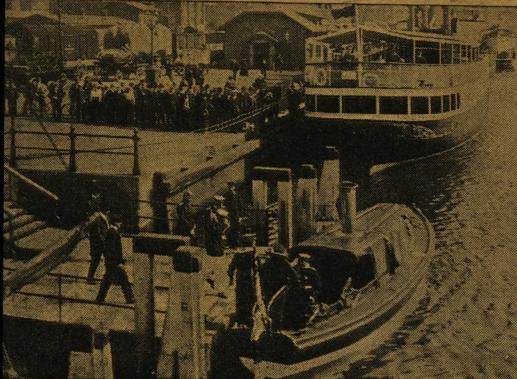
Field-Marshal Yamagata, who is to succeed Marquis Oyama as Chief of Staff of the Japanese Army at Tokio; on the latter's departure for the front in supreme command.

THE M



A group in a circus. The Prince Ed

PREPARING FOR THE KING'S RECEPTION.



German Crown Prince going on board his launch in Kiel Harbour to visit the royal yacht.

CONVALESCENT HOME OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES TO-DAY.



The Convalescent Home of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, which is to be opened to-day by the Prince of Wales. The sanatorium stands on a high ridge among the most beautiful of Surrey scenery. (Photograph by Gale and Polden.)

STERDAY—THE CONGRESS HALL.



World's Congress, erected in the Strand. Last Hall. During the next few days he is to make over led Salvationists.

THINGS THAT AMUSED OUR FUTURE KING.



Performing monkeys from Hengler's Italian troupe delighted our future King, of Wales, at his birthday-party at Buckingham Palace more than any other performance.

CALVE AS CARMEN.

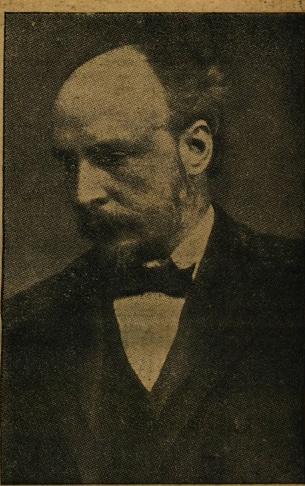


Mme. Calve, who appears on Monday as Carmen at Covent Garden Opera. This is her first appearance this season, and her most famous role.—(Photograph by Aimé Dupont.)

BIRTHDAY HONOURS FOR FAMOUS MEN.



DR. EDWARD ELGAR receives a knighthood for his services to music. His greatest work is the "Dream of Gerontius." He composed the Coronation ode.—(Photograph by Haines.)



PROFESSOR JAMES DEWAR, F.R.S., receives a knighthood for his scientific investigations. He is a co-inventor of cordite, the smokeless powder used in the British Army.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



MR. WALTER PALMER, M.P., receives a baronetcy for his philanthropic work at Reading, where the factories of his firm, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, of biscuit fame, are situated.



MR. THOMAS BARCLAY receives a knighthood for the work he has done in bringing about the friendly agreement between our French neighbours and ourselves.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)



MR. GEORGE S. GIBB receives a knighthood for the great work he has done for English railways. He is manager of the North-Eastern Railway.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

THE SEASIDE SEASON AND THE MODERN MERMAID.

SEA-BATHERS.

COSTUMES FOR THE WAVES AND SHORE.

On the French coast wonderful shore toilettes are worn in the summer. One can call them nothing more; for their fair possessors do not think of spoiling them by a dip in the sea. All they do is to promenade in them and their jewels on the edge of the surf, or at most paddle in the baby waves that kiss the shore.

The craze for attractive bathing-suits has become so prevalent at the American bathing resorts that there are girls who possess a suit for each day in the week, and, together with caps, shoes, and stockings that must match, one may gather some idea of the expenditure necessary to indulge in this fancy. How very charming many girls look in their bathing suits, and how entirely the opposite others! One of the most essential points to bear in mind when making a sea-suit is the proper length of the skirt; a trifle too long or too short will change its appearance entirely. The most becoming depth just covers the knees, and hides the knickerbockers entirely.

The latest English bathing-suits show the clever skill of the designer. The yoke of the blouse is daintily gauged forming a most shapeable blouse, and the skirt is of great fullness. Bands of embroideries are the chief trimmings. Checks and plaids in modest designs are a novelty to be considered in combination with a plain material, and some very smart suits are fashioned with trimmings of buttons, or braid arranged to simulate buttons. A sash with short ends looped on one side makes a pretty finish, and happily the old-fashioned custom of protecting the hair from the salt water by means of a most unbecoming oilskin cap has given way to the most piquant of Tam-o'-shanters made of oil silk in variegated colourings, some of plaids, others in striped designs, all of which are topped by rosettes of silk to match the colour scheme of the cap. This may be set carelessly on the top of the head in a most bewitching manner, and if desired the elastic inserted in the edge allows it to be drawn down over the hair in a water-tight fashion.

A shore wrap is a necessity of the sea nymph's existence, and may be of any description; but the clever girl must needs have everything in harmony, and her outer coat is quite suggestive of

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the suit beneath. Japanese kimonos have been chosen by many as the favourite wrap, and certainly the shape is a most convenient one. Made of white blanketing it is a cosy and hygienic wrap that will prevent a chill being taken as the bather passes from the sea to her dressing tent.

THE TOILET TABLE.

USEFUL HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER.

An excellent remedy for weary feet is spirits of wine rubbed into the feet once or twice a day. Another remedy is a few drops of formalin added to a basin of warm water, after which this powder should be applied:—One ounce of salicylic acid, half an ounce of alum, half an ounce of boracic acid, and two ounces of starch. Dust the powder into the shoes each morning.

Girls who suffer from a naturally very dry skin should use more toilet cream than others and less water. The use of water upon a dry skin causes it to smart and burn, whereas a nice emollient cream

CROWN JEWELS.

THE SHAWL THE TSARITSA HAS NEVER WORN.

The Saxon crown jewels rank among the finest in Europe, and more especially the pearls. Many of the ancient Polish crown jewels are among the treasures of Dresden, and there is a fine collection of diamonds as well as of emeralds.

The Queen Dowager of Italy possesses one of the finest collections of pearls in the world, which it is said are destined for her eldest granddaughter, the Princess Yolande of Italy. The majority of them were given to her Majesty by her husband and son on her successive birthdays. The Austrian and Hungarian crown jewels are very fine, and the late Empress of Austria possessed one of the largest private collections of gems of any crowned head in Europe.

Among living queens her Majesty of the Netherlands has perhaps the largest collection of precious stones as her private property, but the Dutch

REST CURE FOR PLANTS.

COMPLETE REPOSE REJUVENATES FLOWERS.

A man who knows a great deal about flower culture gave this advice to a girl who complained that she could not rear any kind of plant, although she was always patronising the florist and investing in ferns and palms.

"I'll tell you what may be the matter. The plants you buy have only just been repotted or transplanted. They look sturdy in the florist's shop, but if he were to keep them in the window a day or two they would droop and die, just as they do with you. What they need is darkness and coolness, not heat and light. Give them a chance in some cool, dark place to sink their roots into the soil and become accustomed to the new earth and the new pot."

"Also try the plan of putting ferns and palms in the cellar now and then, to give them a rest. They need it just as much as we do at times."

MAY YOHE'S NEW ROLE.

An interesting story is told by Miss May Yohe concerning a song which on Monday evening she will sing at the Tivoli in Indian costume.

Miss Yohe, as few people are aware, has Indian blood in her veins. When a child she was taught many tribal songs by the Indians. One of these, which she learnt from an old Indian chief, she has recently recalled, and it is this song which she will present to the public on Monday. It will be her first departure from coon costume and coon songs.

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80	Ditto	8/II	14/11
60	Ditto	4/II	8/11
60	Batiste Blouses, Trimmed Lace	3/I	5/11
69	Ditto	3/I	11/II
290	White Pique Shirts	1/II	8/11
380	Canvas Shirts	3/II	8/11
80	Batiste Blouses, All Colours	6/II	10/11-12/11
	Muslin Blouses, All Colours	21/6	29/11 - Half Price.

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Specially drawn for the "Daily Mirror" by MISS HOARE.

The toilette sketched on the left is made of blue mohair with a bordering of white cloth banded with blue braid. On the right is a cherry red and white flannel suit worn with a white flannel vest, decorated with cherry-coloured braid on the fronts and down the shoulders. A sash of cherry taffetas girdles the waist.

softens the cuticle and gradually improves it. It may be made of two ounces of oil of almonds, one drachm each of white wax and spermaceti, and while this is warm add to it two ounces of rose water and half an ounce of orange flower water.

Wrinkles undoubtedly appear round eyes that are weak and over-strained, and in many instances prove that an oculist should be consulted in order that proper glasses may be provided for the eyes. It is an excellent practice to wash the eyes out every day with boracic acid and water, using to a pint of water a teaspoonful of boracic acid. Small eye-cups are sold for the purpose, or the ordinary dropper used for a few drops of water may be employed instead. Draw the fluid from a distance; do not attempt to meet the point of the glass-filler into the eye. It is quite easy to drop it from a height if the head is thrown well back.

Bran stirred into the morning bath fulfils the excellent purpose of softening and refining the skin. One peck may be stirred into the full bath of water. The bran mitten is another excellent addition to the bathroom. It is used instead of the ordinary washing flannel. Cut a piece of butter cloth into six-inch squares, stitching the squares together, leaving an opening at the top to put in the bran.

crown jewels are not so valuable as those of many other European countries.

The German Empire also has a very large private collection of jewels, and the Prussian Crown jewels are of great value, and very beautifully set. These are, however, only used on State occasions.

The largest collection of crown jewels in the world is that possessed by the Imperial house of Russia; and each year priceless works of art and stones of enormous value are added to the collection. From time immemorial the princesses under the dominion of Russia have brought gorgeous gifts to the Tsar, and from the East have come wonderful jewels, which have accumulated year by year.

There are certain jewels which can be worn only by the reigning Empress. Many of the crown ornaments are of unique form, and for this very reason are considered as curiosities of immense value; but these ancient ornaments are seldom worn. A shawl of beautiful filigree-work in gold, which is a mass of diamonds, has never been worn by the present Empress. The pearls in the collection are of every shade. Beautiful strings of pink pearls, black pearls without number, grey and purple pearls are there, and marvellous uncultured emeralds from Siberia,

APOSTLE OF THE BALLET GIRLS.

A Little-understood Side in the Life of Stage Butterflies.

There is a domestic side to the life of a ballet girl. She is not always a gaudy butterfly, flitting across the glare of the footlights for the amusement of crowds of pleasure-seekers.

Off the stage, when she has doffed her gown and motley, she is most frequently a respectable young woman, who looks on her profession merely as an opportunity of gaining an honest livelihood.

Mr. William Forbes, the best-known volunteer missionary among stage employés, has had much to say about ballet girls in the "Christian Commonwealth."

NOT A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

"Of the many hundreds, I might almost say thousands, who have come under my notice," says Mr. Forbes, "during my very long experience, I can confidently state that only a very small proportion have been of low moral principle."

"The ordinary theatrical dancer simply regards her avocation as a trade in which she must get her living honestly, and to her this calling is just as respectable as any other in which she might have happened to have been engaged. What to

other people seems to be like a life of frivolous pleasure has nothing at all in it of such an element to her."

"Of course, a few are of bad character, but only just in the same proportion as might be found in any other business or in any other section of society. Indeed, it is a gross mistake and an uncharitable libel to associate theatrical girls with immorality, as some people persist in doing, from superficial judgment, or from untrue report, or from absolute ignorance of the facts. Perhaps I might have exercised the same fallacious judgment, but for my opportunities of observation."

Social excursions and friendly teas are found by Mr. Forbes to be a great help in his work of carrying Christianity to the ballet girls. One such is to be held on Monday, July 11, at Alexandra Palace.

For the price of an eightpenny return fare from King's Cross a full round of amusement is provided, and a stamped addressed envelope sent to Mr. Forbes, at 71, Tollington-road, N., will be returned with a free ticket for tea.

STRAND IN PARIS.

Many pathetic experiences have fallen to the lot of Mr. Forbes in his work.

"A few years ago," says Mr. Forbes, "a troupe of ballet dancers went across to Paris, engaged by two agents to perform at a hall. I followed them in order to watch over them, to put them into communication with some of the best English

people in the city, and to hold meetings for their benefit."

"I little thought, however, what trouble was coming to them. At the end of the first week the doors of the hall were closed, the girls being shut out without warning, and, to their horror, many of them were penniless. None of them knew anything of the language, and not one had a single friend in that great foreign, wicked city."

The agents had absconded, and the poor girls were thus robbed of their payment. They had no means of getting back to England, and I shall not forget the scene I witnessed that evening. The poor things, directly they caught sight of me, surrounded me in a state of excitement and weeping, some of them being actually in despair."

TERRORS OF THE "LIVE" RAIL.

People who travel by electric railways in this country are in constant dread of what is known as the "live" rail.

Writing in the "Times" on this subject, Mr. Courthope Wilson points out that certain railways have electrified portions of their lines running on the level through thickly-populated districts, and have laid rails on the surface of the ground conducting an electric current of sufficient strength to kill anyone touching them.

In the stations the "live" rail is protected by boards on each side rising about an inch above its surface, and if this boarding were extended the whole length of the rail it would prevent accidents.

The public, he contends, ought to be protected by making this boarding compulsory.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXII. (continued.)

"The fall of Robert Chevenix may do more than ruin him. What price his party?" Paul Carew repeated the words slowly and with keen enjoyment, using them as a lash, and the other winced under them—wincing and paled.

It came upon the Premier in a blinding, lightning-like flash that he would have to make terms with Carew if he wished to save himself from a complete and humiliating ruin. Yet he would have dared the man to do his worst had he not remembered that his fall would, practically speaking, ruin the party which he, Chevenix, led so ably.

There was no one ready to take his place—no, not one. He was a great general surrounded by a clever staff, but not a man in that staff was capable of playing general. He ran over a list of names, and none of them men, good in their way, but not the men to take the helm.

As the man pondered he became amazingly conscious of his own magnificent personality, and made as if he would follow the servant, but Robert Chevenix stopped him.

Chevenix realised the bad fit of her cheap jacket; the painfully apparent imitativeness of her furs, the shabbiness of her grey voile skirt.

And this was the woman he was asked to bestow his name on and to acknowledge to the world as his wife. He looked at Paul's dark, mocking face, and realised what a fine revenge the other had planned. Molly Devine, the poor variety artiste, the woman of the music-hall stage, and herself.

"Hold your head up, Margaret, and pull yourself together," Carew said smirking, and he turned to the Premier. "Will the butler call us a cab; the sooner we get away the better."

Before Robert Chevenix could reply the door opened, and Barker appeared on the scene. He glanced curiously at the little group, and then advanced slowly to his master. He carried a silver salver, and an envelope rested on it. The Premier caught the latter up and glanced at it hastily. It was a command invitation to Windsor; the humour of the situation got on his nerves, and he laughed wittily.

A royal command to dine and spend the night at Windsor, and Molly Devine sobbing in his arm-chair. Life has its own ironies; Chevenix waved the footman from the room.

Paul Carew dragged Margaret to her feet and made as if he would follow the servant, but Robert Chevenix stopped him.

"Stay where you are," he said in a quiet, unnatural voice; "I want to speak to you. What if I say I am prepared to marry your sister—to accept your terms?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Bad Joke.

A flash of red flame seemed to dart into Paul Carew's dark eyes, and the pupils dilated. Then he threw his head back and laughed softly, rubbing his hands together and moving his feet in quick, nervous fashion as he jerked his body from left to right. As he stood in the half shadow he bore a curious resemblance to some thin, half savage beast of prey, crouching for a spring; there was such malice in his face, such devilish cruelty in his smile.

"So it is to be peace, not war, between us," he said in soft, low tones, that somehow left the hiss of a snake: "I think you are wise, Mr. Chevenix, and you can realise when you are beaten—always a good thing. You have heard what the Premier says, Margaret?" he added, turning to his sister. "He is going to marry you, my dear, so thank me prettily for what I have done for you."

The pale, sad woman raised her head and looked her brother in the face with some show of pride and contempt, and then she rose from her chair and addressed the Premier:

"I have no wish to marry you, Mr. Chevenix," she said slowly and distinctly. "I believed myself your wife once, and in those days I was a very happy woman. When I learnt the truth, I nearly broke my heart, but, all the same, I was content to be sacrificed for your sake. I have no reproaches to make, but I can declare that I do not intend to marry you." She drew her head up, the tears still streaming down her face, but her whole bearing had gained a mournful dignity.

Robert Chevenix felt perplexed and afflighed, and then he turned helplessly to the other man. He could say nothing to Margaret Carew; what arguments could he use? Her brother was clearly the only person who might have any influence over the woman. But Paul Carew was contemplating his sister with a curious smile. She was taking the situation as he had hoped she would; she was as much alive to its prospect of future misery as he possibly desire.

"Speak to her," cried the Premier at last. "Try, if you will, and persuade your sister that I am willing to marry her; it is her consent that you have to gain now."

Paul Carew nodded his head sharply, and cast

a mocking, half-derisive glance at Margaret. Then he spoke very softly and slowly, the assumed gentleness of his manner offering a vivid contrast to his words:

"Why are you so melodramatic, my dear Margaret? I thought your rôle was musical comedy. Understand that I expect you to marry Mr. Chevenix; nay, more, that I mean you to. I'll ruin him if you don't, do you understand that? I'll ruin him; now what do you say, madam?"

"I will not marry Robert Chevenix, I will not," she panted, and then she shook her head with feeble and most pitiful bravado. "Do you think I can ever forget?" she asked, with some passion, "how cruelly he deceived and deserted me? Oh, Paul, Paul," she clutched at her brother's arm, "show a little pity; don't force me to such misery—fancy me—his wife?" She broke into loud, terrible laughter, her face twitching and contracting, her fingers gripping his sleeve with all her strength.

"Your punishment, my dear," his light tones sounded brutal, compared with her distress, "why should you hesitate over the sacrifice? You sacrificed me easily enough years ago for the sake of this man—why not sacrifice yourself to-day? An eye for an eye, Margaret. You sent me to purgatory, and now it is my turn to send you there. You have a happy life in front of you. How he will hate the mere rustle of your gown, the sight of your face, the very sound of your voice, your passing shadow—all these things will be revolting and obnoxious to proud Robert Chevenix. You will have to hide and lurk in your own rooms, for your very servants will look at you with raised eyebrows, wondering how it chanced that Molly Devine ever became the Premier's wife."

He finished his taunting speech, and then stood silent, watching the man and woman whom he had such cause to hate.

Margaret gained back a certain amount of self-control; she had suffered so much during the last hour that she had grown numb to further insult, and she felt dazed and helpless. Yet she addressed herself bravely to the Premier, clasping her thin hands, and looking at him earnestly.

"Decide as you like, I will abide by your decision." A wan smile crossed her pale lips, and she added quickly, "I am ready to marry you if such a terrible sacrifice is needed, but I can assure you that it would be quite impossible for you to shrink from the union than I do. Still, to save you from public disgrace, I am ready to consent; but, remember, I am not marrying you on my own account."

The Premier bent his head in answer, but hesitated to reply, finding a sudden lack of words. Somehow, and without in the least degree intending it, Margaret Carew had contrived to take all the dignity of the situation to herself. She stood like a blind and impulsive victim of fate, offering herself freely as a sin offering, for she was making atonement, flinging herself down on the altar of sacrifice, immolating her bruised pride, her sad heart.

"It is good of you to consent to be my wife," he began with some hesitation, "but it appears to be the only thing that will content your brother, so I shall marry you under your old name of Margaret Carew, and we shall part at the church door." He shot a keen glance at the other man, and then went on slowly. "You will be well provided for, naturally, and will have ample means at your disposal, but our marriage is not to become public property. I shall not even tell my sisters or my daughter, and we part, as I said before, on the wedding day."

"Nothing would please me better," replied Margaret in low tones. "You may be glad to hear that I shall take a long journey and quit England for ever. You need not be afraid of meeting your wife."

"A word in the matter," interrupted Paul Carew. "I've no objection to your hiding from the world that you are marrying the quondam comic-serio-music-hall artiste—keep that fact as dark as you both like—but my sister shall live in your house, and be received by the world as your wife, or the bargain is off."

NON-NOMADIC MAIDS.

One Way To Help Solve the Servant Problem.

"Thirty-seven pretty maids, all in a row," were assembled the other day to receive the reward of faithful and diligent service.

The maids were servants of the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and the occasion the distribution of the bounty of Mr. Isaac Duckett, whose trustees, since the year 1638, have annually distributed his well-intended gifts.

The conditions of the bequest are that from the funds not less than £25 or more than £200 shall be granted to each maid-servant of twenty-one years of age who has served master or mistress in the parish (except that part which is in the City) for five consecutive years at least, and who is of thrifty and provident habits.

Of the demure damsels, with expectant eyes, who presented themselves before the rector, the Rev. Dr. Craven, chairman of the trustees, and his colleagues, twenty-one received £25 each, and the claims of five others are still under investigation.

Many householders in St. Andrew's take pains that the maids shall not remain ignorant of this annual recognition of domestic merit, with the result that there is a high standard of duty among the maids of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

"Chevenix is powerless in your hands," replied Robert Chevenix calmly, "and you know it, so arrange matters as you like. You would like money as well, I suppose. Perhaps you will call on me once a month and demand £100; force it out of this luckless woman and from me? How much do you want now?" He turned to the other contemptuously, his rage threatening to overmaster and break down his control.

Paul Carew shook his head, but his eyes shot fire and gleamed with red angry lights. "Your money would stain my fingers more than they are already stained," he said quietly. "No, Mr. Robert Chevenix, you need not be afraid for your purse. If I ever chance to rob you, I shall go free as a thief in the night and help myself freely to your gold and silver. But it will be robbery pure and simple, and not blackmail. If you came across me red-handed you would be at liberty to hand me over to the police, and I would hold my tongue, and not proclaim our relationship." He took his lead back as he spoke with an air of defiance. "I can promise you one thing; by all the powers of light and darkness, the day you will take my sister as your wife I pass out of your life utterly, eternally, and you are rid of me for ever. Yes, both of you." He flashed his eyes on his sister. "I shall say good-bye to both of you, content to feel that each will contribute to the other's shame and misery. You, each of you, will be tied to a living sin; will have the foolish thought of youth ever before your eyes—what a pleasing prospect; I wish you both joy of it." He made a low, ironical bow, and then added, "Dear brother-in-law to be, I will write to you in a few days and tell you what arrangements I have made for the wedding. It shall be a quiet country wedding in some obscure village; yes, that would suit bride and bridegroom best, possibly. You see, I have every wish to be considerate and careful of your feelings."

"Then, perhaps, you will take me away now," broke in Margaret, "for I have stood as much as I can; and if I remain here much longer I shall go mad. Do you understand? I shall go mad. Don't talk of this quiet country wedding; I am singing at the Union Music Hall to-night. Think of that, Robert; think of that, Paul. Oh, isn't it funny, funny; isn't life humorous. Why don't you both laugh at the joke, as I do?" she pressed her hands to her forehead and gave way to the same hysterical outburst of tears and sobs that she had yielded to before. Her brother endeavoured to calm her, anxious to get away, and whilst he vainly tried to stop the hysterical sobbing, and Robert Chevenix paced up and down the room, the door suddenly flew open, and a vision of fur and velvet entered in.

The Premier caught a brief vision of his daughter's face, all alight and glowing with happiness. As she stood and met him with a vivid image of outside things and sees them with unnatural clearness, so Robert Chevenix took in every detail of his daughter's appearance. He noticed, but as one in a dream, the perfect fit of her brown velvet dress, the soft, rich tints of the beaver trimming, the sweep of the long ostrich feather in her large hat, and all these details were perfectly clear to him. He noted even the delicate violet perfume that clung to all Beatrice wore, and it saluted his nostrils gratefully. He opened his arms, and she sprang to him.

"Father, you dear spoilt person, you are glad to see me? I am most madly happy." As Beatrice spoke she suddenly realised the presence of strangers; Margaret crouching back in the shadow, Paul Carew standing up defiantly by her side.

She drew back from her father, and then glanced at him interrogatively before letting her eyes rest on Margaret.

"I thought you were alone," she said with an air of annoyance, "we have only just arrived." She looked up at the other woman with strong disapproval and then turned to the door.

"Would it not be better?" remarked Paul Carew snappishly, "to present the future stepmother to her daughter?"

To be continued on Monday.

